

CHANDAMAMA

OCTOBER 1982



Jeevan and Hanu look up to

MIGRATION MAGIC

Every winter, millions of birds fly vast distances in search of food and warm climate – and return along the same route in summer. This is called migration.

1 ARCTIC GULL



The Arctic Gull nests near the North Pole. In winter, great flocks migrate 11,000 miles to the South Pole – farther than any other bird.

The Golden Plover flies from Alaska to Hawaii 2,050 miles, requiring 35 hours and 250,000 wing-beats.

Near Dehra Dun, migrating geese have been spotted at 29,500 feet – the greatest recorded height.

2 SNOWBIRD



Birds have an amazing sense of direction. A tern, taken to America and released,

5,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean – with water as far as the eye can see – and land exactly on the tiny Tristan da Cunha island.

By observing the position of the sun, and matching that with the time of day, birds know where they are and where to go. They instinctively know



flies straight across the Atlantic Ocean to its nest in Britain, in 12 hours.

Even a newborn Shearwater, on its first migration, will fly

3 HUMMINGBIRD



what time it is, like a built-in clock.

They use the night sky as a sort of map. Familiar star groups serve as landmarks or sky marks – from which they take directions.



4 SANDPAPER CRANE

Many may be sensitive to the earth's magnetic and gravity fields, like a built-in compass.

They also look out for familiar landmarks far below – and even familiar sounds, like waves crashing against a shore – too soft and low for human ears.

All these powers make it sure that nowhere over land or sea can a bird lose its way!

5 SHEARWATER



Life Insurance is the safest, surest way to protect your family. Find out about it.



Life Insurance Corporation of India



Freshness in a Flash.

Because only Flash
now has an exclusive sky-blue
mouth purifier.

Flash DENTAL CREAM

Flash a smile. Pass it on.



The sky-blue mouth purifier in Flash will freshen your breath the moment you start brushing your teeth and will leave your

smile really sparkling! Brush with Flash 3-4 times a day, after the meal, and you'll get the freshest, healthiest

and most beautiful smile. The only that contains Flash will keep your smile shining like a star.

Over 400 prizes to be won!
Paint a picture!
Win a bike!



Cadbury's
Gem of a Picture
Contest



One 1st Prize

A bright new BSA SLR Bicycle with 3 gears & accessories, or a Gift Cheque of Rs.1000/-

Two 2nd Prizes

HMT Quartz Watches, or Gift Cheques worth Rs.500/-

Three 3rd Prizes

Books worth Rs.300/- or Gift Cheques for the same amount.

Four Hundred Consolation Prizes

Gift Cheques of Rs.11/- each

Young Artists!

Put your Gem of an idea on paper

Draw a colour picture of anything you like with the six Gems colours - Red, Blue, Green, Yellow, Purple and Orange. You can use paints, crayons, water colours, whatever you prefer. Remember, you cannot draw a castle, butterfly, boat or teddy bear. As you can see, we already have these pictures.

Fill in the coupon (given below), write down your name, address, age and the name of the magazine in which you have seen this advertisement, and mail it with either 2 empty pouches of a large pack, or 4 empty pouches of a small pack of Cadbury's Gems to: Cadbury India Ltd, P.O. Box No. 113, Main Post Office, Thane 400 606.

So pack up your pencils and brushes. And get set to win a Gem of a prize! If your entry is one of the BEST THREE, we may use your drawing along with your name in advertisements for Cadbury's Gems.

Contest open to children up to 14 years only. Send in any number of entries you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the right number of empty Gems pouches.

SO HURRY! GET YOUR COLOUR SETS TOGETHER!

YOUR ENTRIES SHOULD REACH US ON OR BEFORE 15TH NOVEMBER 1982

Anything's possible with Cadbury's Gems!

The Rules

1. There is no limit to the number of entries a contestant can send in, provided each entry is accompanied by 2 pouches of the large Gems pack or 4 pouches of the smaller Gems pack.

2. The contest is open to all Indian citizens, except the employees of Cadbury India Limited and Ogilvy Benson & Mather Pvt. Ltd. and their families.

3. Entries must be filled in legibly and completed in English or Hindi.

4. Entries must reach on or before November 15, 1982.

5. The organisers of the contest are not responsible for entries delayed, lost or damaged in transit.

6. Entries must be sent by ordinary post and not by registered post or hand delivery.

7. All acceptable entries will become the property of the Company.

8. Prizes are subject to Indian Tax Laws, as applicable.

9. The entries will be judged by a panel of independent judges whose decision will be final and binding.

10. Winners will be individually notified and names of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize winners will be published in this magazine.

Name	_____
Age	_____
Address	_____ _____ _____
Magazine	_____





2000 prizes to be won!!!

Colour Felt Pen Sets for Lucky Winners

BAND-AID
BRAND

**Dressings
Hide 'n' Seek Contest**



Hurry,
2000 prizes
to be won!!!

It's fun! It's easy!!

Kids! Look carefully at the picture given alongside. Our artist has hidden 20 BAND-AID Brand Dressings in the picture. Take a closer look at the animals, the flowers, the apples in the trees etc. and see if you can spot them all.

Important hints. BAND-AID Brand Dressings come in different shapes and sizes for different wounds. And they have tiny holes on the surface to help the wounds heal faster.

Now colour each of the BAND-AID Brand Dressings you find *in red*. Then colour the rest of the picture as you like, using crayons or colour pencils only.

The 2000 best coloured, all-correct entries will get exciting Colour Felt Pen Sets.

So hurry. Colour the

picture. Fill in the coupon in English. Cut out the advertisement and mail it along with *one empty carton* of 25 BAND-AID Brand Dressings to:

Post Bag No. 11474,
Bombay 400 020.

Rules

1. Closing date: 15.11.82
2. The decision of the judges is final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into.
3. Winners will be individually notified by post.
4. The BAND-AID Brand Dressing on the carton in the advt. should not be included.
5. Employees and their families of Johnson & Johnson Limited and their advertising agency are not allowed to participate.

Name: _____

_____ Age: _____

Address: _____





**I bought
this cycle with
pocket money
that I saved with
UCOBANK.**

No more borrowing my
friend's cycle.

I had to buy one myself.
I started saving.

And my dad said if I wanted
to 'grow' my money, I should
keep it with UCOBANK.

They pay you something for
saving with them.

It's called 'INTEREST'!

That's why, you save faster
with UCOBANK than you
do at home.

And look! Today I'm riding
my own cycle.

 **United
Commercial Bank**
the friendly bank
round the corner

UCOBANK-108/82



CHANDAMAMA

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Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

THE CONSCIENTIOUS PRINCIPAL

A friend of ours was travelling by train. The other three passengers in his compartment were a principal, the principal's wife, and their child—a girl of fourteen.

"Father, here is new *Chandamama*!" exclaimed the girl, leaning towards the platform of a major station.

"Good. Buy your copy, and don't forget about mine," said the principal. The girl flung a copy of the magazine in style at her father and was herself absorbed in her copy.

"Must you buy two copies of the same issue?" our friend, a bit surprised, asked.

The principal gave his reason: he always separated the leaves of the magazine and put them in different files marked "Story of India", "The Jataka Tales", "The Arabian Nights", "The Chandamama Dictionary" so on and so forth, for lasting use by himself and his students. But his conscience pricked him for dissecting the magazine. Hence he bought a second copy!

IN THIS ISSUE

NINE COMPLETE STORIES

AND the Unsolved Mystery of the Easter Islands, Timur the Terrible in the Story of India, The Invincible Raghu, The Chandamama Dictionary, News Flash, Devi Bhagavatam and more.

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NEWS FLASH

'Comical' Shakespeare
From Kalka to Kanyakumari
on Two Wheels
A Genii in the Pocket

'Comical' Shakespeare

Shakespeare was a dramatist of note, who lived by writing things to quote.

This is what Bunner, the American humorous writer of the last century thought. But Anne Taute, a British editor, thinks that Shakespeare lived and wrote also for his works to be made into comics, four centuries later! The first to appear in a series of Shakespearian comics is *Macbeth* — the full text of it.

We hope that the Shakespearian comics would not become comical Shakespeare.



From Kalka to Kanyakumari on Two Wheels

The young Shankara (the Adi Shankaracharya) had done it more than two thousand years ago! It was nevertheless a feat for the young Vilas Ganpat Mane to do it on a bicycle. He cycled 8,400 kms from Kalka (Himachal Pradesh) to Kanyakumari — and back to his camp in Delhi in 116 days.



A Genii in the Pocket

Aladin had the genii in his lamp; a fisherman of the Arabian Nights had found another in a box caught in his net. But shortly you will carry one in your hand-bag. The computer that stands like a gentleman-monster in the offices will soon be available in a sleek magnesium case, a mere two inches thick.



THE INVINCIBLE RAGHU

7

Illustrated by SUDIP DATTA

STORY SO FAR:

THE TYRANT ZAMINDAR IS CONFRONTED BY RAGHU WHO IS NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED LATHI-PLAYER AND WHO IS ACCOMPANIED BY A GROUP OF TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS. THE ZAMINDAR WHO WAS IN THE PROCESS OF TORTURING SOME INNOCENT PEASANTS IS TAKEN ABACK.



BOILING WITH RAGE, THE ZAMINDAR CALLS NIDHI



RAGHU BEHAVES AS IF HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE NIDHI





HOWEVER NIDHI DOES NOT RECOGNISE RAGHU



THEN QUICK AS A WINK NIDHI'S STICK IS FLICKED ASIDE





THE SPECTATORS ARE DUMFOUNDED.

PICKING UP THE STICK RAGHU RETURNS IT TO NIDHI.



NOT ONLY DOES NIDHI'S STICK FLY OFF THIS TIME, BUT HIS WRISTS TOO ARE BROKEN.





AT THE ZAMINDAR'S CALL THE GUARDS RUSH IN, ARMED WITH WEAPONS





AND SURROUND RAGHU FROM ALL SIDES. BUT —



PEOPLE WATCH THUNDER-STRUCK AS THE GUARDS TOO ARE TOSSED AROUND, HURLED ABOUT LIKE THE STICKS.



THE HOOLIGAN
KNOWS MAGIC!





OH GOD!
MY FOOT



SOMEONE'S HEAD CRACKED. ANOTHER'S ARM BROKE. ANOTHER'S LEG!



GRABBING HOLD OF SOMEONE'S
SWORD, RAGHU SPRINGS TO THE
ZAMINDAR'S LUXURIOUS SEAT.

WITH A SWORD TOUCHING HIS SKIN, THE ZAMINDAR STARTS TREMBLING.



THE KEYS!

JUST
A MINUTE!



HERE, HERE —
TAKE IT!



THE CAPTIVE PEASANTS, RELEASED, SIT DOWN



RUSH TO THE KITCHEN
AND GET SOME FOOD
FOR THOSE PEOPLE.

CERTAINLY,
CERTAINLY!

RAGHU CATCHES ONE OF THE ZAMINDAR'S LADKEYS BY THE THROAT.
THEN TURNING ROUND HE CALLS HIS FRIENDS



KESHTO, JAGAI
MANUA! COME IN,
ALL OF YOU!

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.
—Longfellow: Children



**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS
AND PHRASES**

BALLAD (N): A simple narrative poem. A popular song referring to some real event.

BALLET (N): Dramatic presentation of a story through pantomime and dancing.



"The ballot is stronger
than the bullet."
—Abraham Lincoln

BALLOT (N): A ticket or paper used in voting. *Ballot-box* is the box which receives such paper.



How the Himalaya was Saved?

—By Manoj Das

In one of the numerous valleys in the Himalaya lived a smart little frog. When he was a frogling, no bigger than your pussy cat's nose, his father had told that the Himalaya belonged to them.

One day the father-frog died. The young frog, who considered himself a prince till then, proclaimed himself the king of the Himalaya.

In front of the bush which was the frog's castle was a pool. Around it there were a few

other bushes too. The residents of those bushes were some butterflies, some crickets, some squirrels, and a few sparrows. They heard the frog's proclamation.

"Is it true that you are the king?" they came together and asked the young frog.

"Why, is the water in the pool not cool?" asked the frog in turn.

"It is cool," said a sparrow who instantly made a circle over the pool and dipped her beak in



Sri Kishna



the water.

"Are the peaks not high?" the frog asked.

"They are high, in fact much higher than myself, I must confess," said a squirrel after raising its forelegs to measure a peak.

"Am I not the son of my father?" This time the frog sounded particularly grave.

"You are, surely," agreed all, sounding more serious than ever.

"Then what doubt is there that I am the king?" the frog demanded with four twinkles in his two eyes.

This was argument enough

for the butterflies, the crickets, the squirrels and the sparrows. They were satisfied that the frog indeed was the king.

Days passed. Every day in the morning the frog came out of his bush and looked at the high Himalayan peaks and was happy that nobody had stolen away his property. He smiled when the snow-clad peaks glittered with the rays of the rising sun.

It was a full moon night. A fairy who was in love with the moonlit dales and lakes happened to stray into the valley and sat down on a rock.

The frog saw her and felt charmed.

"I am the King of the Himalaya," he croaked out. "I am not particularly interested in knowing who you are. But I am sure, you will be interested in knowing what I propose to make you."

The fairy who suppressed her amusement with some effort, asked, "What?"

"My queen!"

"Thanks a lot," said the fairy and she flew into the moonlight and the golden mist. And she forgot the dialogue instantly, for when a fairy goes higher all that happened at the lower planes gets washed off her memory.

The frog was shocked, so much so that he kept standing before the rock till a tired moon was finally gone.

"No use remaining a king if I cannot have a queen to suit me," he thought. He decided to sell his kingdom and go away.

He called a meeting of all the creatures who knew him to be the king. "I've decided to sell my Himalaya. Are any of you interested in buying the estate?"

The listeners looked at one another. "What is the price?" asked a squirrel.

"A hundred stars," replied the frog.

The prospective buyers looked at one another again.

"Give us time and we will try to secure the price," they said.

"I give you a week."

The frog entered his bush to pass his days sulking. The little crowd of squirrels, butterflies, crickets and sparrows looked at the sky. The sparrows flew up. But they came after an hour to report that the stars too could fly upward. That explains why they could not catch the stars although they had flown higher than ever.

They had observed that at night about a hundred stars drop into the lake and keep floating till the morn. They tried to collect them, but the stars melted away. "They are too



delicate to stand our touch," they concluded.

On the seventh day they approached the frog.

"We are unable to lay our hands on a single star, Your Highness," they reported, feeling awfully sad.

"In that case I will take my Himalaya away with me," said the frog. "I might even consider destroying it," he said after scratching his head briefly.

The announcement was most unexpected. The butterflies and the crickets and the squirrels and the sparrows stood speechless. They did not know where to go should the frog take away or destroy the Himalaya.

"Will you not consider giving us another week? We will try to find a place under the sun for ourselves," said the sparrow with supplication. The frog gave a short nod of consent.

They went in search of a place outside the Himalaya. But to their utter surprise they found that wherever they went it was only the Himalaya! The same peaks stood all around. And their anguish only grew sharper when they realised that the frog was determined not to leave any chunk of the Himalaya behind him.

It was an evening when the moon had begun to shine and the little party of explorers re-



laxed below a snow-clad rock. Suddenly whom should they meet but the fairy who had visited their valley! It was a sparrow who recognised her.

With great excitement they narrated to her all that had passed between them and the frog since his abortive proposal to marry her. The fairy who had forgotten the frog was greatly amused. And she was equally sad that the little creatures had suffered so much, mentally and physically.

"If your king will stay put by marrying me, why don't you go and tell him that it is done?" she said and she flew away into the moonlight and the golden mist

and forgot the dialogue.

The triumphant party returned to the frog, frolicking all the while. In a chorus they said that it was done! That the fairy had already become his queen!

The frog could not speak a word, for great was his joy, so much so that he kept standing and goggling his eyes till a tired moon was finally gone.

And the frog continues to live happily ever thereafter as the king. The butterflies and the crickets and the squirrels and the sparrows feel immensely happy that a great crisis was averted: the Himalaya was not carried away or destroyed by the frog!



WIT AND WISDOM OF A SCHOLAR

Among the Caliphs of Bagdad Al Mamun was noted for his love of learning. He regularly encouraged scholars by giving them titles and rewards.

Twice a week he called a meeting of philosophers and such other people known for their wit and wisdom. Each meeting discussed a number of subjects. Needless to say, only the well-known scholars, invited for the purpose, spoke in these meetings, not anybody whoever was present to hear the discus-

sion and benefit by it.

One day, when the meeting had just begun, a stranger came in and took his seat not among the listeners but among the speakers. He looked like an ordinary traveller and not like one of the distinguished invitees. At first he went unnoticed.

One after the other the speakers spoke on a certain subject. Since the stranger sat amidst them, his turn came after a while. He stood up and spoke



out his thoughts on the subject in such a lucid manner that all were surprised.

The Caliph asked the stranger to occupy a seat in the first row itself, meant for the senior-most scholars. The stranger bowed down to the Caliph and obeyed him.

Then the Caliph initiated discussion on another subject. When the stranger's turn came he spoke even better than the first time. The other scholars and the audience cheered him. The king beckoned him to come forward and take a seat among his illustrious ministers.

Then began a discussion on yet another subject. Speaking

on it, the stranger excelled himself. The Caliph was charmed. He offered the stranger a seat near himself.

The meeting was over. The Caliph entertained the participants to a feast. When that too was over and the scholars began to leave, the stranger stood up, ready to go.

"Please wait," said the Caliph and he let all the rest take leave of him.

Then he patted the stranger on the back and said, "You deserve special treat. We will drink together."

At a hint from the Caliph palace-maids came in holding gold trays with bejewelled cups



filled to their brims with wine. The Caliph took a cup and waved the stranger to take one.

"O Commander of the Faithful! Why did you ask me to come forward and take my seat in the first row?" asked the stranger.

"Impressed by your wit and wisdom," replied the Caliph.

"O mighty ruler, why did you ask me again to take seat among the ministers?"

"Impressed by your wit and wisdom."

"O chosen one of God, why did you offer me a seat by your side?" asked the stranger again.

"Impressed by your wit and wisdom," said the Caliph again.

"My lord, if wit and wisdom have been my only means to

gain favour with you, why do you wish to deprive me of the qualities now?" asked the stranger.

"What do you mean?" questioned the Caliph.

"My lord, what you are offering me now will destroy the very qualities in me for which you like me. Should I not jealously guard the humble qualities that God has granted me and you have appreciated? If I should, then you must allow me to go without drink," said the stranger most politely.

The Caliph was so happy that he gave the scholar a hundred thousand silver pieces and sets of excellent dress and a horse. Moreover, he was given the seat of honour in every assembly of scholars.



THE LAST CHAPTER

Retold by P. Raja

Hundreds of years ago there lived in a village an expert in lathi and sword play. When he brandished a sword or swung a stick, he did so with such force that they sang to him. When ever he took part in a competition, he came out with laurels. His rivals trembled at his very name and they never dared to challenge him.

Yet he never boasted of his skill. He was very humble and kind-hearted.

One day a boy met him and

said, "Master! I beg of you to teach me your art. I shall be as obedient as a slave to you."

"If you are clever enough, you can learn what I know. But you have to stay with me for long and learn the lessons step by step," said the master.

The young man became his student and proved himself very humble and loyal to his master. He was so keen to learn that he absorbed all his master's knowledge within a few years.

The master praised him and





said, "My dear boy, you have learnt to my utmost satisfaction. I have become old but I am very happy that I have created another expert out of you. Go and show your skill and win laurels. My blessings are with you."

The young man thanked his master and left. Soon the prizes and laurels he won made him arrogant. He boasted of his skill and called himself 'The Great'. He became a terror to the people for he made use of his skill to harass them and to extort money from them. "I'll do whatever I like to do. Who is there to stop me?" he openly boasted.

An old man who heard him say so retorted, "Don't forget your master. If he comes to know of your doings, he might challenge you himself!"

The young man broke into a guffaw. "My master? Ha hah! He has grown so old that he can't even lift a stick, what to speak of standing before me! I challenge him!"

These contemptuous words of the young man were reported to the master. He felt sad and annoyed. He decided to teach the young man a lesson.

When the young man heard that his master had accepted his challenge, he was frightened for a moment. However, he got over the feeling soon when he remembered how weak the master had grown.

The time and the place were fixed. A large crowd turned up to witness the combat.

The young man entered the arena, carrying different weapons. Covering himself with a sheet from neck to knee, the master came empty-handed.

The student was surprised at the old man coming without any weapon. "Perhaps he wants to withdraw himself," he thought.

The master removed the sheet that covered him and

threw it away. His left arm-pit revealed a hidden weapon.

The student began to wonder what sort of weapon he was hiding. The master took out the weapon from its hiding place and held it firmly before his disciple.

It was nothing but a ladle, the kitchen utensil.

The young man was taken aback. He was unable to guess what the master was going to do with it.

"My dear boy", began the master. "It's true that I am too old to lift even a stick. Even then if you think that you can defeat me, you are mistaken. Look at this weapon. You take

any weapon of your choice and match your strength with this small one I am holding. Come on...." he roared.

The disciple stood dumbfounded before the mysterious weapon. He then blabbered, "But....master...you never taught me the use of this!"

"What would have happened to me if I had taught you all my secrets? I am very sorry for not having taught you the last chapter in the art of using weapons," said the master.

The audience jeered at the nervous disciple, only to make him more nervous.

The young man, to the amusement of all, prostrated



before the master. "Forgive this sinner, Sir. Like an empty vessel, I made the most noise. I'll challenge you no more. Pardon me and be pleased to teach me the last chapter."

He started living with his master again and loyally served him with the ardent desire to learn the last chapter.

Soon the master fell sick and took to bed.

"My master! What about imparting me the lesson in the last chapter of my course of studies? Also, will you be kind enough to teach me the use of the ladle-like weapon?"

The master smiled. "The weapon is not ladle-like. It is the

ladle proper, the common kitchen utensil. But its mere presence in an unexpected place frightened you. You know very well that the ladle is used to serve food. Food is the vital thing in day-to-day life. But you see how humble the great ladle remains. It never boasts of its service. That is why it could frighten you. Like the ladle, one should know how to remain humble however great one might be. Humility is the last chapter in any course of studies. Arrogance will pave the way to your fall. Remember this last chapter."

And these were almost the last words of the master.



ROY'S RIDDLE

Hundred years ago Kalyan Roy was a popular figure at Virpur. He was known to be kind-hearted and generous. But sometimes he spoke in riddles. Of course the people were amused when they understood what he meant.

One day a gentleman from a distant town came to Virpur on business. He could not go back that day because the river was in spate.

Although Roy did not know the gentleman, he offered him his hospitality. The gentleman passed the night as Roy's guest. He was charmed by the excellent behaviour of Roy's daughter.

"I'd like my son to marry your daughter," the gentleman said in the morning.

"Thank you. But she might not feel happy with those rats, cats and dogs in your house!" observed Roy.

"But, sir, I don't have a single rat or cat or dog in my house!" protested the gentleman with some surprise.

"Never mind my joke! The fact is, I do not intend to marry off my daughter in the near future!" said Roy.

After the guest left Roy's wife look him to task. "What did you mean by rejecting a proposal offhand?" she asked.

"Not offhand! Had the gentleman been prosperous with grain and vegetables overflowing in his household, rats would be there; had he enough milk and curd, cats would be there; had he enough wealth, he would have kept dogs. He had none. How can I entertain his proposal?" answered Roy.



THE LAST GOAT ON THE HILL

Once upon a time, in a forest near the city of Varanasi lived a crafty jackal and his wife.

Not far from the jackal's abode was a row of caves. A small tribe of wild goats lived in them.

The jackal observed the way the goats went for grazing. He dug a few deep pits on their way. Every night he covered those holes with green grass.

When the goats would go out for grazing, now and then one of them would fall into one of

those pits. The jackal would then easily kill it and draw out and share it with his wife.

Over a year he finished the entire tribe save one, a nanny-goat.

She lived in a cave that was situated rather high on the hill. She had enough grass and leaves around her for her food. She did not care to come down to the grassy meadow at the foot of the hill.

"I'll sprawl like dead. Go to the nanny-goat and weep before



her and tell her that you need her help for burying me. Being a female, she will sympathise with you and come closer to me taking me for dead. At once I'll spring upon her. You'll do the same from the other side. And we will feast for two days!" the jackal briefed his wife.

The she-jackal climbed the hill. The nanny-goat gave her a stern look. Breaking into sobs and tears, the she-jackal said how her husband had suddenly expired and she had nobody to help her bury the dead.

The nanny-goat was moved. She followed her to the jackal couple's shelter. But as she neared it, she had her misgiv-

ings. She slowed down and let the she-jackal go before her.

The jackal at once opened his eyes and just stopped short of attacking the she-jackal. The nanny-goat at once turned back and ran away to her cave.

An hour later she saw the she-jackal climbing the hill again. From the top of a rock in front of her cave, the nanny-goat asked, "What brings you here again?"

All smiles, the she-jackal answered, "My sister, who could have imagined you to be such a bringer of good luck? Didn't my husband spring back to life merely because you went closer to him? We are greatly



indebted to you. The least we can do is to entertain you to a banquet. Will tonight suit you?"

The nanny-goat pretended to smile. "Thanks a lot. Tonight should be fine so far as I'm concerned, but I don't know about the members of my party. Would you mind coming here by the sunset? In the meanwhile I'll consult them. I never go to any feast without them."

"Who are the members of your party, please?" asked the surprised she-jackal.

"Well, they are quite a few. But I'm sure you'll gladly entertain them, generous as you are. They are the lion and the tiger, my protectors, and a dozen hounds, my bodyguards. The lion and the tiger will be accompanied by a pair of leopards and

panthers respectively—their assistants. You know, they like to respond to invitations in the right form and style!" answered the nanny-goat. "And for your information, they are all non-vegetarians. I alone am a vegetarian," she added.

The sea-jackal's face paled. "I'll come by the sunset," she said and she went away.

And she did come by the sunset, to say, "I'm sorry, dear nanny-goat, but we better wait for a more opportune time to receive you and your party."

"Fine!" said the nanny-goat, "In fact my friend the lion has another appointment to keep tonight."

The she-jackal never came back to repeat the invitation.



Sri Krishna





STORY OF INDIA-70

TIMUR THE TERRIBLE

The Emir of Samarkand, Timur-lane, was fascinated by the tales he heard about India. He looked agape at the wondrous wares the merchants brought from India. To invade India became the sole passion with him

He raised a large army and, in 1398, marched towards Delhi. On his way he plundered every town through which he passed and destroyed localities for no particular gain. He collected tens of thousands of prisoners as he advanced.



Delhi was ruled by the last Sultan of the Tughluq dynasty, Muhmud, a weak man. He put forth resistance, but his disorganised army was no better than a sand barrage before a terrible flood. The Delhi army was crushed and the invader entered the city.





Sultan Mahmud fled to Gujarat. What Timur did next horrified the citizens of Delhi. He had made a lakh of people prisoners on his way to Delhi. Fearing that the prisoners might revolt, he massacred them. The outskirts of Delhi was reddened with blood.

When Timur was relaxed, nobles and merchants of Delhi carried gifts to him to appease him. The atmosphere remained quiet for two or three days. The citizens thought that the invader will return satisfied with the gifts.



But things took a different turn all on a sudden. Two drunken soldiers of Timur misbehaved in the streets and a local merchant slapped one of them. The soldiers, feeling humiliated, went and reported the matter to their captain. The captain brought it to Timur's notice.



Timur had perhaps relaxed enough and was getting ready for action. This gave him a plea: In the name of avenging the insult to his soldiers, he let loose his army on the innocent citizens of Delhi. They plundered every house, shop, temple and institution—in every nook and corner of the city.

When the soldiers were satisfied that a locality had been thoroughly plundered, they set fire to every house in that locality and then went over to another. All the people were rendered homeless and many were roasted alive. The ancient city of Delhi had never experienced such carnage and arson.



Thousands were killed mercilessly and thousands more were dragged to a prison camp. Slightest resistance or a bid to escape met with death. For fifteen days Delhi lay prostrate and bled under the brutal tyranny of the invader.

Hundreds of artists, architects and sculptors of Delhi were rounded up and taken prisoner. With immeasurable wealth and the gifted prisoners, Timur at last set out on his return journey, doing havoc in Meerut, Kangra and Jammu among other places on his way.



Famine and plague stalked Timur's foot-prints. Delhi was devastated by these two scourges. Those who had survived the massacre by Timur died due to the aftermath of his invasion. The beautiful Delhi looked like a ghost-city.

Timur was back in Samarkand. The captive Indian craftsmen were employed to build a magnificent mosque in his home city. Their presence greatly influenced the art and architecture of that region. Timur died in 1405 five years after his Indian invasion.



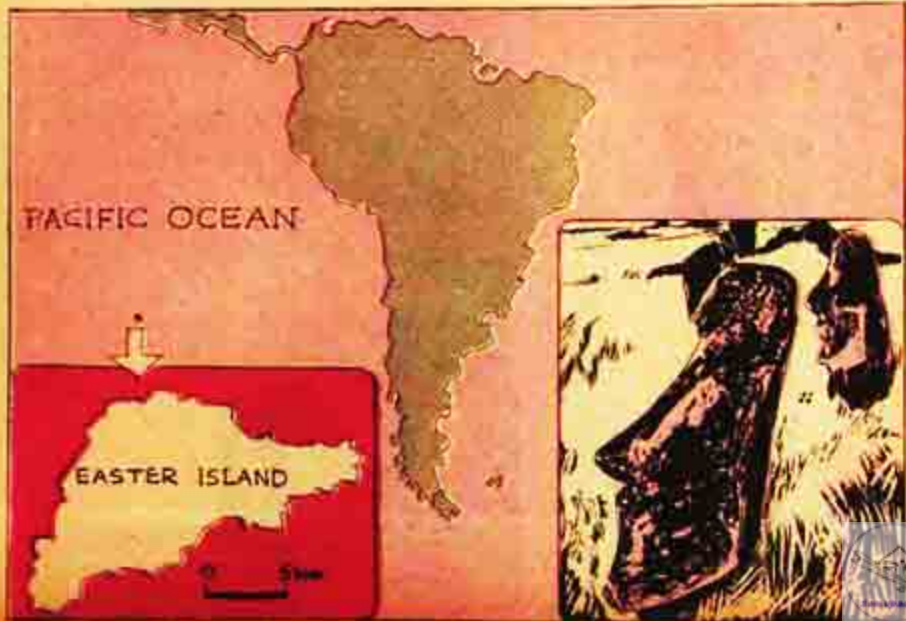
WAS THE EARTH ONCE INHABITED BY GIANTS?

THE STATUES ON A REMOTE ISLAND

"The Easter Island relics are ... the most astounding and eloquent memorials of the primeval giants. They are as grand as they are mysterious; and one has to examine the heads of the colossal statues that have remained unbroken on that island, to recognise in them at a glance the features of the type and character attributed to the Fourth Race giants."

This is said by Madame H.P. Blavatsky, one of the founders of the Theosophical Society, in her famous work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Madame Blavatsky believed that once, long ago, several races of colossal giants inhabited our earth. They had to be giants, for they shared the earth with huge primeval creatures like the mastodons and the hip-



popotami.

What happened to those giants? They are buried under the ocean. Hundreds of thousands of years of constant friction by water would reduce to dust even the hardest stone, what to speak of bones! So they have lost all trace of existence.

According to her, Easter Island was the part of a continent swallowed up by the sea about four million years ago.

Where is the island? What relics are to be seen there?

It is a remote island in the Pacific Ocean, 2,000 miles off the coast of Chile. It has an area

of only 45 square miles. Just a few hundred people live on it.

The island got its name from a Dutch admiral, Jacob Roggevin, who happened to land there on the Easter Day in the year 1722.

Upon one's arrival on this tree-less island that has two extinct volcanoes on it, one will be astounded by hundreds of gigantic faces cut out of rocks, some rising to a height of 66 feet and weighing about 50 tons apiece.

The statues had ten-ton-heavy hats each, but for some unknown reason the hats have



been lying on a different site.

In 1864 some wooden tablets containing hieroglyphic writing were discovered. But experts have not been able to read them so far.

Who built these strange statues? The island, as is evident, was never thickly populated. It would be impossible for some craftsmen from that community which numbered only a few hundreds of people to build those statues even if all of them worked on the statues for generations! In any case there is no tradition among the local inhabitants to prove that their

ancestors were magnificent builders.

The presence of these statues on the desolate island is so baffling that a contemporary author, Eric Von Deniken (author of *Chariot of the Gods?*) and *In search of Ancient Gods*) suggests that they were built by visitors from outer space — from some unknown planet!

Probably they are the remains of an old Polynesian civilisation that has been lost to human history. They are the mute reminders of the fact that we know very little of our past.

Next: THE WEIRD FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

HUMAN NATURE

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Rumbling of thunder subdued the howls and screams of jackals and hyenas. In between was heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, you are no doubt very firm in your mission. That is in your nature. But one's nature can perhaps change by magical power. Let me give you an illustration. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Sudhir was an ordinary villager, just a little wealthy. But he had a sharp tongue. He said that he could not bear anybody showing pride or boasting before him of anything. That is why he pulled



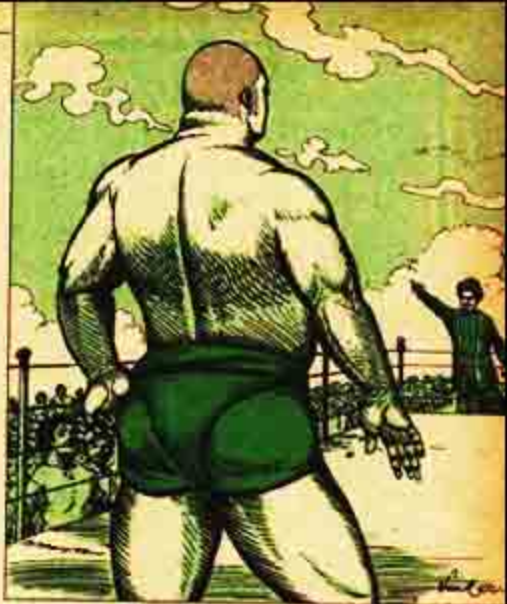
up people. As a result many were irritated with him; many avoided him.

Sudhir's wife Leela was a young lady of common sense. Sudhir's heedless speech embarrassed her very much. Often she apologised to those whom Sudhir had offended.

Leela's brother, Vimal, decided to teach a lesson to Sudhir so that he would mend his ways. Vimal had a friend in the town who was a wrestler and a gymnast. Vimal invited him to the village. Before a large gathering he showed several gymnastic feats. Then he said loudly, "Now I can give a demonstration of wrestling if there is anybody available to wrestle with me."

Sudhir stood up and said, "Must you boast of your capacity for wrestling simply because there is no wrestler among us? Fie, what a mean fellow you are!"

The wrestler gazed at Sudhir with surprise and anger and said, "Why do you call me names? I showed gymnastic feats because one can show them alone. One cannot wrestle alone! I know there are no professionals among you. But there could be an amateur



wrestler, after all! Had this not been my friend's village, I would have given you a thrashing for your calling me mean!"

"Thrashing, is it? Don't think that you can scare me, you nincompoop!" shouted Sudhir, gesticulating.

The wrestler was at the end of his patience. He caught hold of Sudhir and flattened him with a few blows.

Sudhir was carried home. Said Vimal, "What business had you to offend a guest? Had he not come here to entertain us?"

"Shut up!" shrieked out Sudhir.

Sudhir gave up.

A month passed. A wandering Tantrik came to Sudhir's house one morning and asked Leela for some food.

"I should be happy to serve you food. The problem is, my husband is rather haughty by temperament. If he comes in while you are taking food, he might be harsh towards you," said Leela.

"Never mind, daughter: If necessary, I will change his behaviour!" said the Tantrik.

Leela served him food. What she feared came true. Sudhir returned home and saw the guest. "Here is another fellow

who earns his food by sporting a beard!"

"Can't you be a little courteous towards your guest?" the Tantrik asked calmly.

"Why? Am I afraid of you?" demanded Sudhir.

The Tantrik smiled and said, "If you are not afraid of me, you will be afraid of your own speech in the future! Whatever you say with ill-feeling towards others will produce the opposite result!"

The Tantrik sprinkled a little 'magic water on Sudhir and left.

Next day Sudhir, annoyed with a neighbour, said, "Let fire destroy your house!" Instead of



fire destroying his house, the neighbour got a new house as a gift from the landlord.

If Sudhir shouted wishing someone's crop to fail, the man had a richer crop than ever!

This surprised and saddened Sudhir. If he was angry with anybody, now he shouted that the fellow be blessed. He expected the result to be opposite.

But that was not to be. Only if he wished someone ill and spoke it out, the man had a good luck. Needless to say, he really never wished anybody well!

Soon Sudhir was observed to be talking less. His tone also was less loud and less aggressive. A time came when he remained confined to his home for the most part of the day. His wife heaved a sigh of relief.

The vampire paused and said, "O King, we saw that the Tantrik changed Sudhir's nature by virtue of his magic or mantra. The question is, why don't the Tantriks use such powers on more people and change their natures? Answer me if you can, O King. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Answered King Vikram



forthwith: "There is nothing to suggest that Sudhir's nature got changed. He was one of those egoists who, in the pretext of giving blow to others' pride, satisfy their own vanity.

"They claim themselves to be outspoken. In fact they derive a perverse pleasure from putting others to embarrassment."

"So, Sudhir was an egoist by nature. When he saw that his speech expressing ill-will only benefited others, he tried to be clever. He spoke as if he wished others well. But that produced no result. That is why he stopped speaking altogether. He did not move out of his home be-



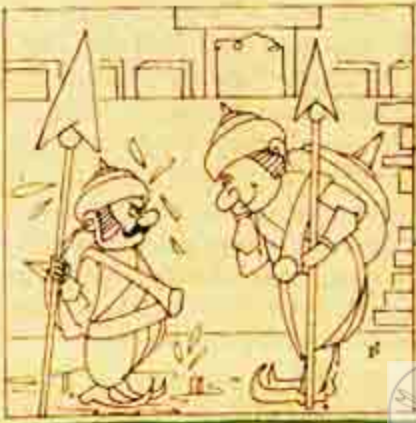
cause he felt depressed.

"We ought not to forget what the Tantrik had said. He had never said that he will be able to change Sudhir's nature. He had only claimed that he will change his behaviour. In fact, mantra or magic or miracle can never change one's nature. One's nature can change only when one

looks at one's weaknesses squarely in the face and aspires to change them and prays to God for improving one's nature. This is the law. One's nature does not change easily."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE HIDDEN FACT

Ravi proposed Sudarshan's marriage with Hema. Sudarshan went with him to Hema's house.

Hema had lost her parents. But Ravi and the other friends of Sudarshan who knew Hema were all praise for her.

Hema's elder brother, who was her guardian, was not at home. However, Ravi and Sudarshan were warmly received by Hema's sister-in-law.

The sister-in-law brought Hema out before Ravi and Sudarshan. Ravi was a family friend. Through his good humour he could make Hema talk.

It was not difficult for Ravi to understand that Sudarshan liked Hema.

"Let me make one point quite clear, Sudarshan! Do not expect any dowry. The bride's brother cannot afford any," said Ravi.

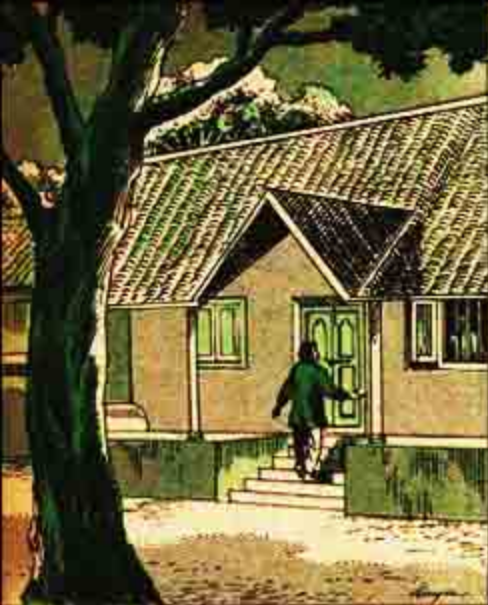
"I would have refused to accept any dowry even if the bride's brother had enough. I am dead against that cursed custom," said Sudarshan.

"Sudarshan, I wish Hema's father, Hari Acharya, the physician, were alive today. How happy he would have been!" commented Ravi.

Sudarshan gave a start. "Hari Acharya, the physician? But did he not belong to Parvatipur?" he asked.

"You are right. He had spent many years at Parvatipur. But he had shifted to this place. That was shortly before his death," answered Ravi.

Hema and her sister-in-law's face brightened up when they realised that Sudarshan had known the late Acharya. Acharya was not only well known as a physician, but



loved as a compassionate man. He treated the poor free of fee. He never cared for his own comfort, and went out of his way to help the needy.

But Sudarshan looked grave. Ravi felt intrigued. "So, you knew Acharya, did you?" he asked.

Instead of answering Ravi, Sudarshan stood up all on a sudden. "Ravi! Had I known that you were leading me to Hari Acharya's house, I would not have accompanied you. I am sorry. Please call off the proposal," he said while leaving the house in a huff.

Hema broke into tears. Her sister-in-law's condition was no

better. Ravi kept sitting dumb-founded.

In the evening Ravi visited Sudarshan and said, "My friend, your conduct was most bewildering. You are new to this place. What do you know of Acharya? Everybody will say that he was a saintly man. The people of Parvatipur too loved him no less. I wonder what could be your grievance against him!"

"I'm sorry for my conduct at Hema's house. But I'm sure you will understand me if I tell you my experience of Acharya. This was six years ago. I was living in my home-town. I had a friend Rajan by name. He had just married and had got a job at Parvatipur.

"I had promised to visit him at Parvatipur, but a year passed before I could find time to fulfil my promise. And what a pity! On reaching his residence I found that he had been bed-ridden since a week. I introduced myself to his wife, Gita. She shed tears and said how warmly my friend used to speak of me. Rajan was in no condition even to recognise me then!

"The local physicians had done their best, but to no avail. Gita told me that the only hope



was Hari Acharya. But he was away and was expected that very night.

"I decided to call Hari Acharya as soon as he was back. Rajan's condition was deteriorating every minute. At midnight I went out looking for Hari Acharya's house.

"Gita had given me the right direction. I located the house and knocked on the door. A young man appeared behind the window and asked me what I wanted. I enquired if he was Hari Acharya. Also I told him how precarious was my friend's condition and how eagerly we were waiting for Acharya's return.

"The young man said that he was the physician's son. Then I heard him calling out to his father and asking him if he would care to visit a patient at that hour. I heard Acharya telling him to ask me to get out. He might visit in the morning if the patient was lucky enough to remain alive till then!

"Acharya's son peeped through the window and rudely asked me to go away. Then he shut the window.

"I was shocked at the physician's behaviour. I suppressed my anger and arranged for a



cart that very night. Gita and I carried Rajan to the cart and drove to the town. We had just reached the town when Rajan breathed his last! Tell me, Ravi, how can I excuse Acharya or his son?"

Ravi found tears drizzling in Sudarshan's eyes, his heart stirred with the tragic memory of his friend. Ravi had no word to defend Acharya's action. He left Sudarshan's lodge.

It was evening. Sudarshan heard someone's footsteps on his veranda. It was Hema. Sudarshan welcomed her, feeling quite surprised and embarrassed.

"I have not come here

request you to marry me. I was pained to hear from brother Ravi what impression you have formed of my late father. I cannot be in peace until I let you know the truth," said Hema.

After a moment's silence she resumed, "Father had returned home a little before you came to call him. He came by cart. As was his habit, he invited the carter and the fellow's assistant for having food in our house. Little did we know that the two were bandits. Once inside, they brandished daggers and went on a plundering spree. When you knocked on the door and they found out that you were a stranger to the place, one of them posed as the physician's son and the other one responded as the physician. My father, anxious at your call, resisted the bandits and tried to go near the door. At that one of the bandits stab-

bed him. Soon thereafter we left Parvatipur and came to settle down here. But father never quite recovered from that shock and wound. He died the next year. The culprits of course had been caught. They are now in jail."

Hema wiped her eyes.

A stunned Sudarshan approached her when she was about to leave and said, "I do not know how to apologise for my rudeness. Indeed, a situation may be quite different from what it appears to be."

Within minutes of Hema leaving his house Sudarshan rushed to his friend Ravi. Both went to Hema's house. Sudarshan apologised to Hema's sister-in-law for his conduct.

As soon as Hema's brother was back, an auspicious day was fixed for Hema's marriage with Sudarshan.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Long long ago there was a king named Arun who hailed from the Solar Dynasty. He had a son named Satyavrata. As the boy grew up, he proved to be the cause of the king's sorrow.

That was because the prince became notorious as a mischief-maker. One day a number of Brahmins complained to the king about the prince's cruelty towards them. The king grew furious. He summoned Satyavrata and ordered him to get out of his country.

"Where do I go?" asked the prince.

"An evil youth like you does not deserve to live in any human locality. The forest is the place

for you. Go and live amidst the beasts."

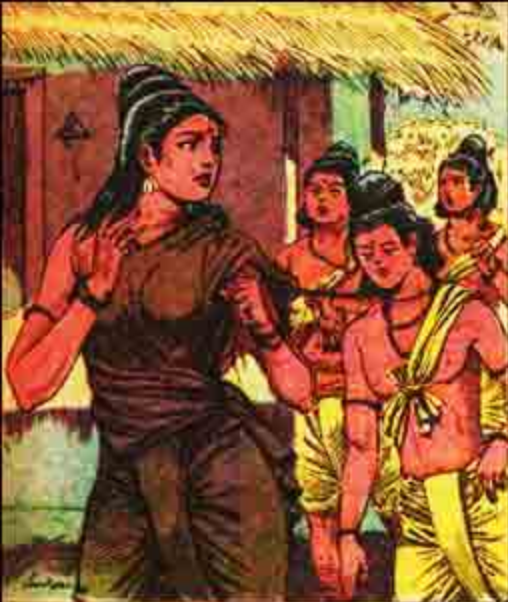
The priest of the king, Sage Vasistha, supported the king's decision. The prince had no other go than to leave for the forest.

After the prince left, the king grew very remorseful. He realised that the people of his kingdom had become sinful. There was no peace or amity in the atmosphere. He decided to spend time in the forest so that he could ardently pray to God to change the situation.

The king left for the forest. Soon thereafter the country was threatened by a famine as there was no rain for a long time.

STORY OF KING TRISHANKU





In the forest lived the family of Sage Viswamitra. The sage was away in some unknown place, engrossed in a trance. His wife and three sons faced great difficulty as there was nobody to look after them. The lady did her best to collect roots and fruits for the boys, but her efforts yielded little result.

She went to meet the king, but found that the king was not there. It is the king's priest, Vasistha, who managed the affairs of the kingdom. She did not feel like telling him of her woes, as she knew that the relation between him and her husband was not good.

One day she saw her sons crying for food. She took a grim decision. "Let me sell one of them to some wealthy man in the town. While he will be provided with food, with the price I receive I can feed the other two," she told herself and began dragging her second son.

"Where are you leading him, mother?" asked the other two sons. She did not answer them and continued in her journey. The fact is, she did not want to do what she was doing. But she had to do something so that the children survived the crisis.

Their mother's conduct appeared strange to the boys. They wailed. That attracted the attention of Satyavrata who was living in the forest like a hunter.

"What's the matter, mother? Why are these boys crying?" he asked.

"I am Sage Viswamitra's wife and these are his sons. He has been away for a long time. I have no means to support these boys. I propose to sell one of them," answered the hermitess.

"Mother, these boys have been brought up in the forest. They will be unfit for any work in the household of a wealthy man. Let them be here. I'll give you a share of whatever food I

can get every day," said Satyavrata.

The hermitess thanked Satyavrata and returned to her hut.

Satyavrata, true to his promise, left some fruits or a lump of meat every day in the hollow of a tree behind Viswamitra's hut.

As has been already said, Sage Vasistha lived in the palace of King Arun. His hermitage in the forest was not guarded well. One day Satyavrata stole away one of his cows. When Vasistha was reported about it, he came to the forest and found out Satyavrata and said angrily, "Once you harassed the Brahmins; then you caused great anguish to your kind-hearted father. Now you have harmed me. You should be called *Trishanku* (one who has proved to be a menace thrice) and become a vampire!"

The curse reduced the exiled prince to a vampire. He roamed about in great sorrow until a young sage taught him a hymn to the Divine Mother by reciting which continuously he got back his peace.

One day he met a group of Brahmins and requested them to perform a certain rite for him. They laughed and said,



"Do you forget that your own family-priest cursed you to become a vampire? Who will go to serve you?"

Satyavrata felt so much humiliated at this that he decided to put an end to his life.

He made a fire at a lonely spot. He planned to plunge into it. However, before doing that, he prayed to the Divine Mother.

Suddenly the flames assumed the colour of dazzling gold. Out of them appeared the Divine Mother. "Don't kill yourself. Your agony will be over very soon!"

She disappeared, but after restoring peace in Satyavrata's



heart.

King Arun had been back in his palace by then. But he had lost all interest in the throne and was eager to retire into the forest again, this time forever. He very much wished for the return of his exiled son so that he could pass on the throne to him.

Sage Narada met the king and told him how his son was no longer a wayward youth and how he was once about to kill himself.

The king at once asked his minister to proceed to the forest and locate the prince and bring him back to the palace.

The minister and his party found out the prince. By then the spell of Vasistha's curse had come to an end. The prince was no longer a vampire, though he looked pale and sad.

The prince was produced before the king who could not check his tears looking at his condition. After years he was bathed in fragrant water and was fed properly. The king then taught him the laws of administration and departed into the forest.

Satyavrata ruled as an ideal king. However, he continued to be called Trishanku.

After reigning in peace for several years King Trishanku handed over the charge of his kingdom to his son, Harishchandra, and retired into the forest. He met his family priest, Vasistha, and said, "O Guru, I have a special desire and that is to go to heaven while in the physical body. Can you help me in fulfilling this? You can ask me to perform any kind of Yajna necessary for this."

"O King, one can go to heaven by the virtue of performing the right Yajna only after one's death. There is no possibility of one going there in life," explained Vasistha.



"There must be some way for going to heaven while alive, though you might not know about it. Well, let me seek the help of some other sage," said Trishanku.

Vasistha flared up. "In other words, you look upon me as an ignorant priest. Apart from the absurdity of your desire, how do you forget your past? How do you dare to dream of going to heaven and that too while in life? It was my folly to lift the curse that had made you a vampire. Better become a vampire once again!" shouted Vasistha.

Trishanku was changed into a vampire again. This was a great shock to him. Again he wished to put an end to his life, but he knew that no sin was greater than suicide. He who killed himself had to suffer much in his bodyless self. The consequence of the sin had to be gone through even in his next life.

Instead of killing himself, he decided to wait for a natural death, spending his days on the bank of the Ganga.

Soon Sage Viswamitra met Trishanku and expressed his gratefulness to him for what he had done to his family during his long absence. The sage wanted



to do a good turn to him. Trishanku told him of his desire to go to heaven while he was in his physical body.

Viswamitra thought much and meditated on the issue. He then said that there was a very special kind of Yajna that could make Trishanku's dream come true.

That special Yajna required that all the sages should participate in it. When Vasistha heard of the preparations for the Yajna, he forbade as many sages as he could to participate in it.

This infuriated Viswamitra. "If not by the Yajna, I'll send you to heaven by my power of



Yoga!" he exclaimed.

He gathered all his power and sent Trishanku upward to heaven. But when Trishanku was at the portals of heaven, Indra and the other gods did not allow him to cross into their domain. With his supernatural power Indra toppled him.

Trishanku began falling. But at once Viswamitra shouted, mustering his Yogic power, "Stop!"

Trishanku remained midway the earth and heaven. Viswamitra was now ready to create a new heaven solely for Trishanku.

But a new heaven was bound to create new problems. That is why Indra requested the sage to refrain from doing so.

Indra then gave Trishanku a new body in place of his mortal physical body and admitted him into heaven.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE MONKEYS

At the east-end of the village lived Pujan and at the west-end Sujan. Both owned mango groves and both were rivals in marketing their produce.

Their rivalry had made them mutual enemies. They looked daggers at each other.

The mango trees had just begun to flower. Pujan, while passing by Sujan's grove, got an idea. He went to the bazar and met a fellow who was the seller of different birds and beasts. He bought from him a monkey. In the evening he let it loose in Sujan's grove.

Early in the morning he passed by Sujan's grove again and was delighted to see his monkey doing what was expected of it—making the tender sprouts on the mango trees waste.

"Sujan will have hardly any fruit this season to compete with

mine!" he thought.

Soon Sujan saw the monkey and tried his best to drive it away. It hopped from tree to tree, but never left the grove. A tribal archer was ready to shoot it down, but killing monkey was believed to be sinful. Sujan did not go for it.

Before long Sujan knew who had left the monkey in his grove. The same evening he went to the bazar and bought another monkey and left it in Pujan's grove.

The second monkey was equally capable of showing his monkeyism. By the next morning Pujan found out what was happening to his grove! He too was not inclined to kill the monkey as that would earn him sin!

The monkeys soon trespassed into the orchards and gardens of



the others. The villagers, who had already known about the mystery of the monkeys suddenly appearing in their village complained to the village committee against Pujan and Sujan.

The two were summoned. "Your monkey in your grove...." began the president of the committee, looking at Pujan.

"Sir, my monkey is not in my grove, but in Sujan's" announced Pujan.

"And do you think I am a fool? My monkey is doing its duty in your grove!" asserted Sujan.

"Here you are—the real monkeys! Go and ask the fellow who sold you the monkeys to come and lead his beasts away. None else can do it. And you pay a fine of a hundred rupees each!" was the president's judgment.

Pujan and Sujan had to pay the fellow in the bazar for him to come and take back his monkeys. The fellow told others gleefully, "As long as such human monkeys are there, I will make a good profit of my monkeys—selling them and again collecting them for a fee!"

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THE RIGHT MAN

This happened when Amarpur was ruled by King Vijaysen.

The king himself had to work as his treasurer. This had become a tradition from his father's time. It was because a certain officer who worked as the treasurer stole much wealth and absconded. Since then the king himself was managing the department.

But Vijaysen found the work difficult. He had no time for accounts. He told his minister, "We must appoint another man to the post of treasurer!"

"My lord, we must! It was in my mind too. A king ought not to work as his own accountant! The only problem is to find out an honest officer. What hap-

pened during your father's time must not be repeated!" said the minister.

"Right. I am not in favour of employing any new man to the post. Have one of our known officers for it," said the king.

"Yes, my lord, we have more officers in our employment than necessary. Let us see how many among them are willing to get the post," said the minister.

Next day the minister notified the vacancy and announced that only the senior officers were eligible to apply for the post.

There were twenty senior officers. Nineteen of them applied for the post.

The king glanced through the applications and asked the



minister, "Who is your choice?"

"None of the nineteen, my lord. My choice is the one who did not apply," replied the minister.

"Why?" asked the surprised king.

"The salary I had stated for the post is just equal to what all the senior officers are getting.

Those who applied for the post are obviously expecting to make some extra gain from the treasury. The one who did not apply sees no reason to take up the new post because he does not foresee any gain! He is honest," explained the minister.

The king laughed and agreed with the minister's opinion.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अतिकुपिता अपि सुजाया योगेन मुदुभवन्ति न तु मोहाः ।
हेमः कठिनस्यापि द्रव्योपायोऽस्ति न तु गलान् ॥

*Atikupitā api sujanā yogena mūdubhavanti na tu mōhāḥ
Hemnah kaṭhinasyāpi dravyopāyo'sti na tṛṣṇānām.*

A good man, even if he has grown much angry, can be made to calm down, but not a mean fellow. Gold, though hard, can melt, but straw cannot.

The Subhashitaratnabhandagarām





LET US KNOW

What is telepathy?

—B. Ravindra Rao, Bellary.

It is believed that some people can pass on their thoughts into the minds of some other people, without the help of words or any other outward means or indication. This capacity, as well as the capacity to read the mind of others, is known as Telepathy. The word was coined by F.W.H. Myers, in 1882.

What are the six systems of the ancient Indian philosophy?

—Ravi Malhotra, Delhi.

They are the Nyaya propounded by Gautam, the Vaishesika by Kanada, the Samkhya by Kapila, the Purva Mimamsa by Jaimini, the Uttara Mimamsa (the Vedanta) by Badarayana and the Yoga by Patanjali.

Why are some natives of America called Indians and Red Indians? Do they look like Indians painted red?

—Shyam S. Mysore

Christopher Columbus (1446—1506) the great Italian navigator, sailed for America in 1492. He reached the Bahamas but thought it to be India. Thus the natives of America were called by his men Indians.

Lately the American Indians are called Amerinds.

Natives of North America are called Red Indians because of their copper-coloured skin.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Devdas Kallapur



Mr. P.C. DM

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandemaria, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for August '82 goes to:

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Josier Street, Madras 600 034.

The Winning Entry:— 'Learning the Knot' — 'Teaching the Tot

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Common sense is not so common.

—Voltaire.

A man never knows what a fool he is until he hears himself imitated by one.

—Sir Herbert Bearbohm Tree.

Be not simply good; be good for something.

—Henry David Thoreau.



No Entry Fee



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Address: _____

Send entries before 30-10-1982

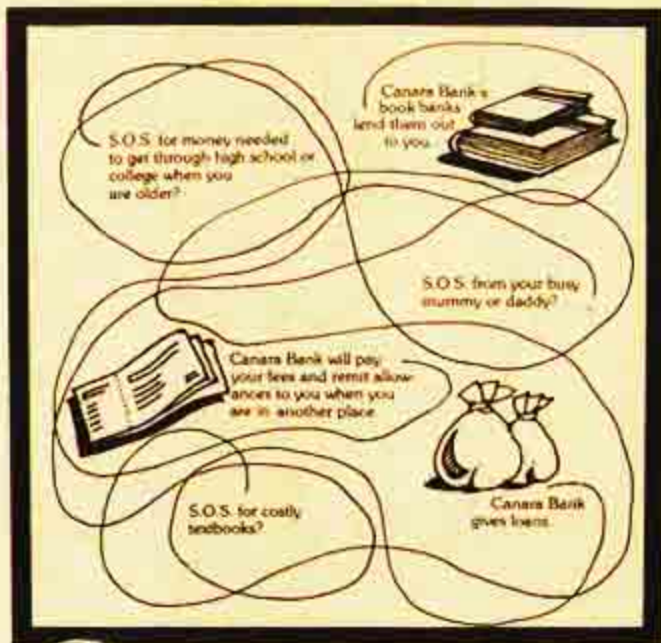
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2. Why do some birds eat grit?
3. When do owls hunt?
4. Name a fish-eating bird starting with the letter C.
5. Name the only swimming bird.

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 2. It helps them to digest hard foods.
 3. At night.
 4. Cuckoo.
 5. Kingfisher.



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TRIP TO SPACE

Captain Kumar had promised to take Ravi and Aika along with him, on one of his space trips. So one day, he flew into space with them both and showed them what the different planets really looked like. He also showed them how a space ship was flown and how the light on the radio panel signalled danger, if they flew too close to a planet, or were being followed by enemy space ships. Just as they had finished studying the radio panel, the light showed red, signalling danger. Captain Kumar quickly switched on the TV screen. Two enemy ships were following them! There was no time to turn around and go back. The alien ships were too close. Thinking fast, he showed Ravi and Aika the laser cannon guns on the left and behind the space ship. "As soon as you see

the enemy space ships on the centre of the cross, on your special screens, punch the white button," he instructed. By now, both Ravi and Aika were getting a little nervous, so they ate a Ravalgaon sweet. You see, they always carried 'Ravalgaon' sweets, toffees and snacks, whenever they were - even into space! Captain Kumar too ate a Ravalgaon toffee, before going into the control room.

"A-a-a-p... E-e-e-e-e" - both Ravi and Aika hit their targets, right on the mark. Captain Kumar was so happy, he promised to give them anything they wanted for their home, both the kids. Told the Captain that they wanted to study in the school for space pilots and both wanted a packet of their favourite 'Ravalgaon' sweets, toffees and snacks. The Captain, of course, kept his promise.

Ravalgaon

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